The Bank of England.

The constitution and government of the Bank of England are not fully understood, even by many otherwise well-informed residents in the city of London itself. It differs from most corporations in the fact that it has no permanent Governor or chairman, and furthermore, that the remuneration paid to the Directors for their services is individually small. The governing body consists of twenty-six directors, that is to say, one Governor, one deputy Governor, and twenty-four Directors. This body does not change except by death or resignation, etc., but the Governor, and his deputy, who act as chairman of the Board or Court of Directors, change every two years, the deputy becoming Governor and all the Directors being deputy and Governor in rotation. The salary of the Governor, as well as that of the deputy Governor, is now £1,000 per annum, while that of the other twenty-four Directors is £500 each. According to Francis, whose history of the Bank of England is practically out of print, the management of the Bank is vested in the whole Court of Directors, which meets weekly, when a statement is read of the position of the bank as regards its securities, bullion and liabilities. The Directors have equal power, and should a majority disapprove of the arrangements they may reconstruct them. Eight Directors go out and eight come in annually, elected by the Court of Proprietors. the list of candidates recommended by the Court of Directors is transmitted to the Proprietors, and the eight so recommended uniformly come in. When any person is proposed as a new Director, inquiry is always instituted concerning his private character. Those who survive this firey ordeal, and are approved of by the Court of Directors, never fail to be elected. The qualifications for a Director are the possession of bank stock to the amount of £2,000; for the deputy Governor £3,000; and for the Governor £4,000. The Directors are responsible for the management of the affairs of the bank, and penalties are attached to their office individually and collectively on certain occasions. By the charter, however, they are not answerable to the Government for the monetary department, and the security which the public has for a good administration of affairs depends upon the discretion of the Directors subject to the charter.—*Lond n Review.*

Animals in Norway.

A correspondent makes the following remark on a very pleasant feature of the Norwegian character, viz., kindness to domestic animals. In that country, he says, these animals are treated as the friends rather than the slaves of man. As a result, vicious horses are unknown; foals follow their dams at work in the fields or on the road as soon as they have sufficient strength, and thus gently accustom themselves to harness. I heard of a foal trying to force its head into a collar in imitation of its mother. Horses are trained to obey the voice rather than the hand, bearing-reins are not used, and the whip, if carried at all, is hardly ever made use of. Great care is taken not to overload carts, especially in the case of young horses, and consequently a broken knee is rarely seen, and the animals continue fat, and capable of work till the advanced age of twenty-five or thirty. So tame are the Norwegian horses and cows that they will allow casual passers-by to caress them while they are lying down. Even domestic cats will approach a boy with confidence, knowing that no chasing or worrying awaits them. One very hot summer's day I met a woman holding up an umbrella to carefully screen what I supposed was a little child at her side from the scorching rays of a midday sun, while her own head was covered only by a handkerchief. In driving by I tried to gain a glimpse of her charge, and found, to my great surprise, that the object of her care was a fat black pig. The question of humane methods of slaughtering animals has lately been prominently brought forward in England. In this the Norwegians show us a good example; they never use the knife without first stunning the animal. In the above remarks I am alluding to the country districts of Norway; in the towns the national characteristics become modified, although even under these conditions kindness to animals is still remarkable. To those whose hearts are sickened by the sights of cruelty daily witnessed in our streets, it must be a consolation to learn that a country exists where these things are unknown, where men are instinctively considerate to the animals dependent on them, and where no legislation is required to enforce the claims of the dumb creation.—*London Times.*

Crusoes of Oceanica.

Some years ago the New Bedford whalers who visited the South Pacific—and doubtless one or two of them are still living—found an island nearly midway between what was then known as New Holland and New Zealand. In climate, in flora and in fauna it differed from both, and presented many of the paradoxes not uncommon at the antipodes. Hearing that the government of New South Wales had decided that it was the best possible position for observing the next transit of Venus, your correspondent visited the place last month. Nearly an hour before the government officials put in an appearance our vessel was boarded by a whaleboat's crew, steered over the reef by an ancient mariner, whose dialect was so familiar that I at once asked him what part of the States he hailed from. "New Bedford, sir," was the response. "How long have you been here?" was my next query, and the reply was, "Wa'll, nigh on forty years, I guess."

During a stay of ten days, on what is the nearest approach to a press man's idea of the land of the lotus eaters, I learned more of the man who, for well nigh half a century has not heard from his friends at home. Nathan Chase Thompson is a native of Somerset, Mass., and virtually does all the work of this island. Henry Wilson, a native of Newberg, N. Y., was put ashore there from a whaler twelve years ago to die, but still lives and is hale. P. Johnson (colored) a native of Pennsylvania, is also located there, as was also a Bostonian named Leonard, whose relatives may not yet know that he was killed two years since in a brawl by the father of a housekeeper of his who was left on the island by the whaler Alabama, of New Bedford. There was not more than half a dozen adults on the island outside the families of those I have mentioned, and those look upon Thompson as a sort of Santa Claus.

The whole place is only six miles in length by about one and a half wide, and of this fully two miles is taken up by Mount Gower, which rises sheer from the sea on the southern side to an altitude of 2,850 feet, and Mount Lidgbird to a height of 2,500 feet. For about four miles north of the latter the soil and foliage are something approaching the miraculous, the former consisting of decomposed vegetable matter, intermingled with guano partially denuded of its strength by tropical rains; palms and ferns, such as no portion of Australia can boast of, and banana trees only equalled in India, together with eighteen other species of shrubs and trees which have been classified by visiting scientists. Thompson has a garden in which he is now cultivating coffee plants covering three acres of ground, and the whole of this is surrounded by a single banian tree. The wonders of this strange land have recently been so impressed upon the government of New South Wales that orders have been issued interdicting the destruction or removal of plants, trees, or seeds, and the tenure of residents limited to yearly leases at pleasure of the executive of this colony.—*Sydney (N. S. W.) Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

How Mrs. Jones Bought a Carpet-Sweeper.

The other day when Bridget the valiant was engaged, Mrs. Jones answered the door-bell herself, and found a glib, silver-tongued agent had taken possession of her steps and was checking something in his memorandum book when she answered his fluent ring.

"Is your mamma in, Miss?" he asked, with a pensive smile.

Mrs. Jones was rather taken aback. She was so accustomed on such occasions to the stereotyped question, "Is the lady of the house at home?" that she hardly knew what to say.

"I see she is not," continued the stranger, with a look of keen disappointment overclouding his face. "I had wished to see her in regard to a cosmetic I sell. You, with your fresh, youthful complexion, would hardly need it."

"You can't sell anything here," said Mrs. Jones, recovering herself; "we never buy from agents."

"No? Well, I'm sorry, for consumption has marked me for it's own," said the man, with a melancholy cough. "Are you nearly out of Bibles? I'm trying to do a little good in the world before I leave it by selling the best and cheapest revision of the sacred—"

"No! I don't want any Bibles," snapped Mrs. J., "and I'll be obliged to you if you'll take your things off the steps so I can close the door."

"Certainly, certainly, Miss—youth and beauty, and yet there is a sad, dreamy look that tells of biliousness; now these liver pills—"

"Will you go!" exclaimed Mrs Jones as she tried to get the door closed. "Oh, if I only had the broom!

"Broom! broom!" cried the stranger with a dramatic gesture, "who says br-r-rooms? not this young and lovely being in the heart of a great city! Brooms, my dear young lady, belong to the dark ages! You never, never should wield so common an implement! Let me sell you carpet sweeper—an invention that will remove the dust of ages without fatigue or discomfort to yourself—a patent-hinged, self-guiding, nickle-plated, premium-medal carpet sweeper. Lovely creature, don't disfigure those graceful hands with a broom, when for a few paltry dollars you can buy a carpet sweeper!"

"I couldn't help it, Jeptha," explained Mrs. Jones, when her husband fell over the new carpet sweeper and landed in the basement among the ruins. "I didn't want it any more than a cat wants two tails, but you ought to have heard the creature talk! I believe I'd have bought a cameleopard if he'd had one for sale and asked me to; he just talked me into it."

But she never told Jones what he said. —*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

A Curious Fir-Tree.

Switzerland has its old chestnut-trees on the banks of Lake Leman, and the ancient linden of Fribourg, the history of which is said to go back to the time of the conflicts with Charles the Bold. M. Louis Pire, President of the Royal Botanical Society of Belgium, has found a fir-tree in the forest of Alliaz, Canton of Vaud, which he believes to be still older than the linden of Fribourg, and considers entitled to be regarded as the oldest and most remarkable tree in the canton, if not in the whole confederation. It is growing near the baths of Alliaz, at a height of about thirteen hundred feet above the hotel, and forty-five hundred feet above the sea, surrounded by a forest of firs, which it overtops by more than thirty feet. The trunk of this tree is ten metres, or a little more than thirty feet, in circumference at the base. At about a yard from the ground it puts out, on the south side, seven offshoots, which have gown into trunks as strong and vigorous as those of the other trees in the forest. Bent and gnarled at the bottom, these side-trunks soon straighten themselves up and rise perpendicularly and parallel to the main stem. This feature is not, perhaps, wholly unparalleled, but another most curious fact is that the two largest of the side-trunks are connected with the principal stem by sub-quadrangular braces resembling girders. These beams have probably been formed by an anastomosing of branches, which, common enough among angiosperms, is extremely rare among conifers; but it has been impossible to ascertain the manner in which the ingrowing of one branch into another has been effected. The adaptation by which a limb, originally destined to grow free and bear foliage, has been converted into a living stick of timber, is a strange one, and affords a new illustration of the power of nature to fit itself to circumstances. The space between the rough flooring formed by the growing together of the offshoots, at their point of departure, and the girder-limbs, is large enough to admit of building a comfortable hermit's hut within it. —*Popular Science Monthly*

—A Detroit astronomer is said to have recently "witnessed a grand explosion of gas on the western limb of the sun." This information is important in that it shows that electric lights have not been adopted up there.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Corner in Rubber.

There is dismay and rage among the rubber manufacturers. Speculators hold absolute control of the entire production of South America, and fix the prices of the raw material to suit themselves. In 1879 the raw India rubber, or caoutchouc, was worth but 72 cents per pound. At that point the speculators seized upon it, and as a test of their temporary strength, put the price up to $1 per pound. Under that pressure a quantity was dragged into the market through channels over which they had not yet obtained control, and the price dropped to 80 cents in the spring of 1880. It has never since, however, got so low, for the speculators developed strength enough to cover the entire ground, and have made prices what they pleased. Just now they are higher than ever before. On Thursday they went up from $1.17 per pound to $1.23. Yesterday buyers were refused prices by holders on the pretext that there is no stock in the market, and that figures cannot be named until the arrival of the next steamer. This, however, is affirmed to be untrue, as it is said some 1,200 cases came in by the last steamer from Para, and are now being held until such time as the necessities of the manufacturers will compel them to submit to another heavy advance. It is feared the price will go up to $1.50 before there is any drop. In this extremity the manufacturers have been spurred on to an attempt at concerted action to protect themselves. The great trouble, they say, is that the men now controlling the supply of rubber practically own the Indians and small traders of the interior of Brazil, in the Amazon Valley, whence the material comes, having got a firm hold upon them by advances and systems of keeping them in debt, such as the Hudson Bay Company used to employ in dealing with the Canadians. To meet this condition of affairs, the manufacturers expect to be compelled to form a colony in Brazil, establishing trading posts of their own, and so opening up a rivalry in dealing directly with the Indians.

The consideration in this business that most directly interest the public is that the higher the price of crude rubber the greater will be the adulterations to which it is subjected for manufacture into clothing, hose, springs, and all the other forms of general use. This adulteration is practised by grinding up old rubber, vulcanized rubber, already reworked, and adulterated rubber of all sorts, old shoes, old hose, old rollers etc., and mixing it with a small percentage of the pure, fresh material. This admixture it is what causes the modern rubber shoes to pull to pieces so easily, clothing to crack, hose to burst, springs to crumble, and in all other sorts of rubber the development of so much fragility and unreliability as it never used to possess.—*N. Y. Sun*

Remarkable Sand Dune.

In the eastern part of Churchill County, near Sand Springs Station, on the road from Wadsworth to Grantsville, and about sixty-five miles from the former place, is a sand dune, which is remarkable alike for its peculiar formation and moving propensities. As far around as the eye can reach is a vast wildnerness of greasewood and stunted sagebrush, with here and there abrupt mountain ridges, or a sharp rocky peak, evidently placed there long before the mythical persons left their mysterious footprints in the mud, now hardened for the annoyance of the State prison inmates, and for no other apparent purpose than to deceive the unaccustomed traveler as regards their distance from any place he happens to be located. The dune, or sand-mountain ridge, which is about four miles in length, and covers probably a mile of greasewood, was, perhaps, formed from the heavy winds which prevail in that section, blowing across these deserts through a natural opening in a small range of mountains and depositing the small particles of sand that were picked up in a heap where the wind's course is disturbed and an eddy formed.

In the whole dune, which is from 100 to 400 feet in height, and contains millions of tons of sand, it is impossible to find a particle much larger than a pinhead. It is so fine that if an ordinary barley sack be filled and placed in a moving wagon the jolting of the vehicle would empty the sack, and yet it has no form of dust in it and is as clean as any seabeach sand. The mountain is so solid as to give it a musical sound when trod upon, and oftentimes a bird lighting on it, or a large lizard running across the bottom, will start a large quantity of the sand to sliding, which makes a noise resembling the vibration of telegraph wires with a hard wind blowing, but so much louder that it is often heard at a distance of six or seven miles, and is deafening to a person standing within a short distance of the sliding sand.

A peculiar feature of the dune is that it is not stationary, but rolls slowly eastward, the wind gathering it up on the west end and carrying it along the ridge until it is again deposited at the eastern end. Mr. Monroe, the well-known surveyor, having heard of the rambling habits of this mammoth sand-heap, quite a number of years ago took careful bearings on it while sectionizing Government lands in that vicinity. Several years later he visited the place and found that the dune had moved something over a mile.—*Reno (Nev.) Gazette.*

Cabbages.

Nearly 5,000 heads of cabbages can be grown on an acre of ground, if the plants are set a yard each away. The size of the heads and weight in tons depends on the manure and the method of cultivation, but as high a yield as thirty tons to the acre is not uncommon in New England. They are easily kept during winter, either by burying the heads in the ground or by storing them in trenches with the roots down and heads up, covering with straw and boards. The latter method is better where they are to be fed every day. The cutting away of the heads leaves the stalks standing, which sprout in the spring, to furnish excellent greens for the table at a time when such are scarce. The disposition to market cabbages is generally too strong to permit of feeding them to stock; but if a careful comparison is made between their market value and the benefit derived from them in feeding, no objection will be made to using them for such a purpose.—*Exchange.*

Caillavah's Wand.

While the adherents of Henri V. have been occupied in banqueting and listening to masses, a strange scene has been taking place in the vaults of the Abbey Church of St. Denis, where the bones of his ancestors sleep their last sleep. Popular tradition has declared that at the breaking out of the Revolution the monks of St. Denis secreted a vast amount of treasure—the abbey being one of the richest in Europe—in the vaults of the ancient church, where then lay buried all the Kings and Queens of France, from Dagobert, famous for wearing his breeches wrong side out, to Louis XV., celebrated for his numerous mistresses. The Parisian mob sacked the abbey, turned the bones of the poor old Kings and Queens out into the common ditch in order to melt their leaden coffins up into bullets, and the treasures were confiscated and sent to the melting pots at the mint. Still there are many who are convinced that the monks had time to conceal the greater part of their treasures before the confiscating agents made their appearance, and it is this treasure that the Minister of Fine Arts has been trying to find, and to find with what is commonly called a divining-rod. The story is a curious one in these days of enlightenment, skepticism, and free thinking. A Mme. Caillavah, having come into the possession of a divining-rod which had been bequeathed to her by its inventor or discoverer, a young man whom she had befriended, and who in spite of his invention had died, has for some five years past been petitioning the various Ministers who have succeeded each other in the French Cabinet to permit her to search for the untold treasures supposed to be buried in the vaults of the Abbey of St. Denis. Thanks to the support of Mr. Le Royer, the late Keeper of the Seals, and of Mr. Jules Ferry, late Minister of Public Instruction, the Minister of Fine Arts directed the architect of St. Denis to investigate the matter.

The tests to which the architect subjected Mme. Caillavah and her divining-rod having proved satisfactory, a contract was entered into between her and the agents of the public domain, by which Madame was to be allowed to make certain excavations in the vaults of the church, under the direction of her divining-rod and the superintendence of the architect. If any treasures were found she was to be entitled to one-third of their value up to the sum of 500,000 francs. The expense attending these explorations were to be borne by Caillavah, who succeeded in finding friends to advance her the 2,000 francs needed for the purpose. Last week, armed with her divining-rod, and accompanied by the architect, an agent of the public domain, and several workmen, she began her work. On entering the vaults the magic wand at once pointed to a large flagstone on the right of the royal crypt. The stone was removed by the workmen, and they dug through the underlying cement and earth to the depth of five feet without finding anything. One by one all the flagstones were turned up and the earth dug into until the wall that separates the royal crypt from the other vaults was reached. Then the rod, suddenly changing its direction, pointing straight toward the crypt where lie, in coffins on iron biers, the bodies of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVIII., the Duke de Berry, and other members of the royal family who have died since the Revolution. At this point the architect refused to allow the work to proceed any further, declaring it might endanger the safety of the building. Everything was restored to its original condition, and now Mme. Caillavah is trying to get the authorities to permit her to resume her work. Since this matter has become public, Mme. Caillavah has had numerous visitors who wish to purchase her magic wand or the secret of its manufacture. One speculator offers her an annuity of 25,000 francs. All these offers she has so far refused, although she professes to be willing to dispose of her secret providing she is offered its value, which, as the wand is, she declares, equally efficacious for the discovery of gold and silver mines as for the discovery of buried treasures, she estimates at a high figure.—*Paris Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

A South Carolina Woman's Memento.

Albert Wallace, who is more commonly known in this country by the name of "Prince Albert," was killed on Friday by a fall from a wagon. Wallace was a noted character of Mecklenburg County, and was connected with some of the influential families of the county. Prior to the war he was a man of wealth, owning a great number of slaves and a large amount of real estate. Unfortunately for himself, he fell into the paths of intemperance and let his fortune slip from his hands. He was married many years ago to a Mrs. Cross, a daughter of Col. S. Bird, of Edgefield, S. C., and a relative of Gen. M. C. Butler. His wife, who survives him, came from one of the most influential families of South Carolina, and the mention of her name will recall two very exciting incidents that occurred in the past history of that State. The first was a duel between Tom Bird, her brother, and Gen. Louis T. Wigfall, a suitor for her hand, in which Bird was killed at the first fire. This duel occurred in Edgefield at the court-house door. The second incident was a duel between Preston S. Brooks and General Wigfall, in which both principals were badly wounded. A short time after this second duel she was married to a Mr. Cross, and after his death she was married to Mr. Wallace. She has now in her possession the pair of duelling pistols used by General Wigfall in his duels. Mrs. Wallace, though about fifty-five years old, still retains much of her former beauty.—*Charlotte (S. C.) Observer.*

—A young man of Washington County, Oregon, named Harmes is quite a hero. While hauling timbers for a bridge that is being built between Glencoe and Greenville, recently, a skid broke, letting the heavy timber fall on his leg, and both bones were broken. Harmes reached the lines while he was yet fastened under the log, tied a chain around the timber, hitched a team to it, and it was drawn off of him. He then crawled around and hitched the team to the wagon, climbed on it, and then drove home.—*Chicago Times.*

—The United States eats annually $3,000,000 worth of peanuts.

A View of the Comet.

The comet is a wonderful show and it takes a power of faith to believe what the astronomers say about it. My folks wanted to see it, and so I got 'em all up in time yesterday morning, and they wrapped up in shawls and blankets and I took little Jessie in my arms and we paraded out beyond the grove, where there was a clear sight, and perused it to our satisfaction. The little chaps amused us with their questions, for they haven't much idea of infinite distance, and we grown folks got bewildered in trying to take it all in. One hundred and twenty millions of miles away is a right good piece, and when a body is traveling 2,000,000 miles in a day it must make a powerful buzz in the firmament, and it is a wonder we don't hear it like we hear these coal-burning locomotives, away off in the dead of night. That comet has some big business on hand, and I would like to know what it is. I see that one learned man says they furnish fuel to the sun, and this one was badly needed right now, for the fires were getting low, and one can see the dark spots where the coal was burnt to cinder, and if more caloric didn't come soon from somewhere our people wouldn't have to go up into the arctic regions to freeze to death. It is a grand idea to think of some mighty Vulcan standing away up in the regions of space chucking up the old sun's fires by throwing comets at him, but still I would like to know where the old fireman gets his comets and where he keeps 'em hid out from mortal eyes. I could ask as many questions, I reckon, as the children asked me, and know as little about it afterwards. Jessie wanted to know if a hundred million of miles was as far as across the ocean, and how many times further it was than from here to Atlanta. She wanted to know how much faster it traveled than the cars, and said its tail would make a mighty pretty broom for a giant to sweep the sky with. Carl undertook to enlighten her, and told her that Atlanta was just nowhere to the comet—that the comet was further off than the sky, or the moon, or a rainbow, or a thousand pine trees put on top of one another, and it was going faster than that flying horse that papa told us about. The wise men say it went within 400,000 miles of the sun, and is now getting away from it at the rate of 2,000,000 a day. That's business. That's furnishing fuel in a hurry, and getting away for more with proper alacrity, but it is a wonder to me it didn't get its tail scorched. I wish that all you city folks could see the comet, for it is a show that doesn't come along more than once or twice in a lifetime, and it never advertises its coming in the newspapers. City folks don't know exactly how to go about getting up at four o'clock in the morning and if they did they would find somebody's house or their shade trees in the way, and would have to walk out a mile or so to get a fair view of it. I suppose they could get to see it by sitting up all night and getting on top of the house, but they won't do that for a free show. If old Vulcan had his curtain up and a doorkeeper was to charge five dollars a sight he would make money and more folks would turn out than now for nothing. The comet is a wonderful thing to think of; one man says that thi whole universe is going to pieces, for it all depends on fire, and the fires are fading for want of fuel and the sun is growing dim and world after world will drop into it until they have all dropped, and after that the sun will flicker out like a dying candle and we would all be in the dark if we hadn't been burnt up before, and so it becomes us to be prepared for the worst, for this catastrophe will shortly happen about four hundred quintillion years from this, and no three days of grace or waiver of protest. Jesso! This shows that a man should always be fortified for comets. Keep matches on the mantel-piece and your boots where you can find 'em, for no man knoweth when old Vulcan will wrap a comet's tail around our earth and sling us into the sun for fuel.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

Oiling Wagon Wheels and Other Wood Work.

Mr. Allen E. Smith reports to the *Farmer's Review* an experience in oiling wagon wheels and other woodwork. He says:

"I have a wagon of which, six years ago, the felloes shrunk so the tires became loose. I gave it a good coat of hot oil, and every year since it has had a coat of oil or paint, sometimes both. The tires are tight yet, and they have not been set for eight or nine years. Many farmers think that as soon as their wagon felloes begin to shrink, they must go at once to a blacksmith shop and get the tires set. Instead of doing that which is often a damage to the wheels, causing them to 'dish,' if they will get some linseed oil and heat it boiling hot, and give the felloes all they can take, it will fill them up to their usual size and tighten the tires. After the oil a coat of paint is a good thing to keep them from shrinking, and also to keep out the water. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of mixing paint, you can heat the oil and tie a rag to a stick and swab them over as long as they will take oil. A brush is more convenient to use, but a swab will answer if you do not wish to buy a brush. It is quite a saving of time and money to look after the woodwork of farm machinery. Alternate wetting and drying injures and causes the best wood soon to decay and lose its strength unless kept well painted. It pays to keep a little oil on hand, to oil fork handles, rakes, neckyokes, whiffletrees and any of the small tools on the farm that are more or less exposed."

—A Philadelphian tells the *Press* of that city a characteristic story of Daniel Webster. The statesman's father was a great lover of military musters. One day, when he was going, he gave Daniel and his brother Ephraim a quarter apiece, to spend as they pleased. At night he called the two boys to him, and asked them what they had done with their money. Daniel was very ready to tell: he had bought cakes, cider, etc., and had a good time. But Ephraim refused to tell how he had disposed of his wealth. His father insisted, and at last he reluctantly confessed that he had lent it to Daniel.

—The greatest distance that should be allowed between the under edge of a picture frame and the floor is fifty-two inches.—*Chicago News.*

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Potato omelette is a palatable breakfast dish. Wash the potatoes thoroughly, mix with four eggs, pepper, butter and salt, and add a small quantity of lemon juice. Fry light brown and serve hot.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—The editor of the *Rural New-Yorker* says he has an ear 15½ inches long! No wonder he wants somebody else to own up to having an ear 16 inches long. But come to think, it's an ear of corn he refers to.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Force-Meat Balls: Mince boiled veal or chicken very fine, add nearly the same quantity of salt pork scraped very fine, and about as much bread; season with sweet herbs, cloves, allspice, pepper, mace and nutmeg; mix it well with eggs and make into balls, fry in butter.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A bin for keeping potatoes may be made of narrow strips, with a space between them, and having legs to raise it above the cellar bottom. It may be made of any desired length, and cross-boards may be put in to separate varieties, if preferred. An arrangement of this kind will prevent injury from dampness, and provide thorough ventilation. —*N. Y. Examiner.*

—For sago pudding use one quart of sweet milk, four eggs, four tablespoonsful of sago, and one cup of sugar. Cover the sago with water and let it remain over night; then beat eggs, sugar and sago together; add the milk and grated nutmeg to suit the taste; bake or steam as preferred. If frosting is desired, beat the white of an egg and sugar together and spread over the top and set it in the oven for a few minutes.—*Chicago Herald.*

—There are many farmers who have extra good butter cows and do not know it. They have poor pastures in summer and no shelter and indifferent feed in winter. In the house they have no convenience for making butter; the milk is set where there are no arrangements for keeping it cool in summer, and in the living room, exposed to the odors of the kitchen in winter; and neither the quantity nor the quality are any index of what a cow can do.—*New England Farmer.*

—Apples need to be kept as cool as possible without freezing; they will endure a little frost much better than too warm a temperature; twenty-eight to thirty-four degrees is best; when it rises above forty degrees they don't keep well, and a temperature of fifty degrees will speedily spoil them. Hence to keep russet apples till late in May, they should be kept in a tight cellar and aired only at night when the temperature is near or below the freezing point. I have seen them kept in this way in excellent order till the middle of June.—*New England Farmer.*

—To make tapioca cream with apples, soak six tablespoonfuls of tapioca in cold water over night. In the morning pour over it a quart of boiling milk, and when cool add the well-beaten yolks of five eggs, sugar to taste and a little flavoring extract and beat well. Pare, core, and cut into halves or quarters some tart apples and fill the bottom of a pudding-dish with them and pour the custard over them. Bake in a quick oven and when done spread over the top the whites of the eggs, beaten to stiff froth, and add a little sugar. Place in the oven again for a few minutes; serve with cream.—*Detroit Post.*

Treatment of Young Bulls.

The accident at the Rural Farm, in which the bravery and heroism of a woman no doubt saved her husband's life from the ferocity of a Jersey bull, brings again into prominence the desirability of dishorning cattle. This operation, which is practically painless, or at the most, not more painful than the lancing of the gums of a teething child, an operation which is performed without any hesitation for the good of the infant, is the most effective means of averting all danger of that kind. The young horns, when first becoming conspicuously prominent under the skin, can be removed with the greatest ease. The skin over the horn is not the horn but the covering which, by its future growth, forms afterward the outer and insensible casing of the horn; that, in fact, which is called the horn. The true horn lies under this, and can easily be removed when in embryo by raising a flap of the skin and cutting it out. It is done in a moment, a little plaster of tar over the cut protects the slight wound, which soon heals. Bulls are always worth watching. I have been laughed at more than once for getting out of the way of a young bull—a strange animal —when cutting up "didos" in the yard, and putting the fence in front of me. No stockman need be foolhardy in this respect. But I have never feared one of my own bulls because I have them trained —to know the taste of a raw-hide across the nose. This will tame any bull, and if a bull should never go from his owner's yard he need never be ringed, if he has been taught the touch of the raw-hide, and his owner never goes to him without it in his hand. The most foolish thing that can be done is to teach a bull to play, even when a calf; the bull's training should be begun when a month old, and it should be brought into subjection then and taught to fear its owner, and kept in that fear always. Jersey bulls are not naturally vicious; they are made vicious because they are petted and spoiled and made playthings of by their owners. Unfortunately, the owner of a calf for which he has paid $1,000 thinks it sacrilege to put a rawhide on the brute, but the animal has no such foolish notions.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Tightener for Barbed Fences.

In constructing fences of barbed wire, or any kind of barbed fencing, a cheap, simple and effective stretcher is one of the most important implements. There are many patented devices, costing all the way from seventy-five cents to $3, but I have never seen any which so completely meets every requirement as a simple piece of chain, say a small trace chain two and a half feet or more long, with a hook on either end, or a hook on one end and a ring on the other. I have tried the chain myself, and although I have used several of the patented stretchers, have never seen anything equal to it. It might not hold the barbed wires, but with the buckthorn fencing it works perfectly.—*Country Gentleman.*